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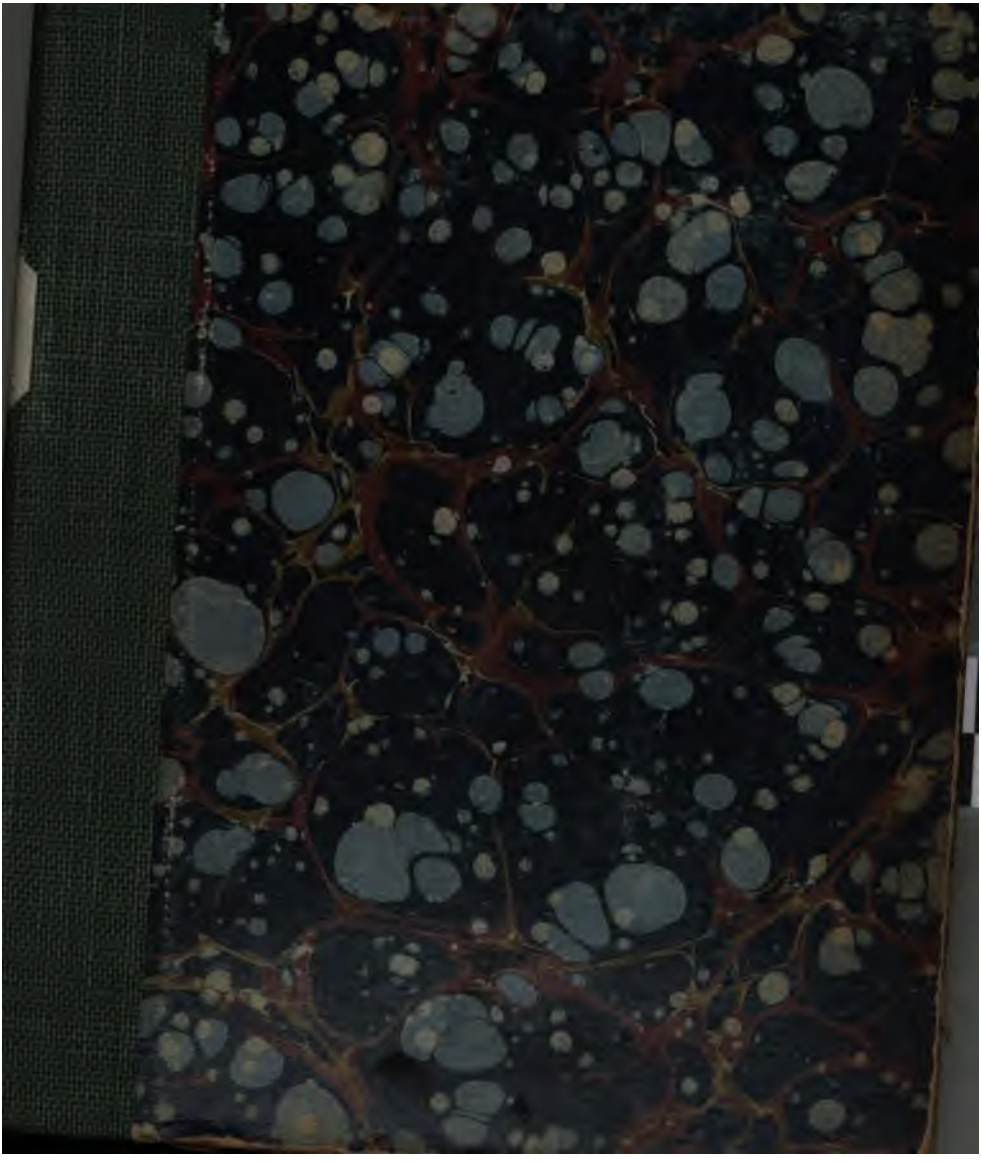

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# URLYN THE HARPER

## AND OTHER SONG

BY

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET
1903

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Fine money.

*Second Edition*

To J. P. and E. J. F. G.

Of the verses in this book, "Vashti" and "The Weaver" appeared first in *The Saturday Review*; "Blind" in *The Spectator*; and "Song" in *The Outlook*.

## Persons

KING KARLORN.

QUEEN EVRYLONE.

URLYN.

## *Prelude*

*Not these the songs I sing*
*Before the King,*
*Among red flaming lights*
*Of festal nights:*
*Not these the songs to slake*
*War thirst; or wake*
*To battle sleeping swords*
*Of laggard lords.*

*But under woven leaves*
*Hid shelter cool,*
*Where but the wood dove grieves*
*Above the pool,*

## PRELUDE

*Deep-shadowed with clear green*
*The summer long,*
*Remembering the Queen*
*I loose my song.*

*Dreaming I bend above*
*My harp's loud strings,*
*While lord of lords is love*
*And king of kings:*
*Not these the songs to speed*
*The flowing mead:*
*Not those to stir the scorn*
*Of King Karlorn.*

# Urlyn the Harper

## I

The King has sailed across the tide,
The sad old King with foam-white hair,
To bring him home another bride,
A spring-bright maiden fresh and fair
To light his days of winter care.

The King has sailed across the tide,
With galleys laden deep with gold,
And winged with sails of scarlet pride,
Whereon embroidered eagles old
Hover as o'er some April fold.

## URLYN THE HARPER

The King has sailed across the tide:
He bade me toil ere his return
To make a song to meet his bride,
To tell how winter's heart may yearn
Towards spring, and for her raptures burn.

He comes again across the tide,
Yet naught have I for welcoming
Save " How may one spring flower abide
'Neath boughs that but remember spring
Because the birds no longer sing?"

## II

Who is she that cometh from the waters of the
west?
Who is she that cometh from the land beyond
the sea
With eyes of waking spring-tide, full of April's
bright unrest?
Wandering winds and waters tell me, who is
she?

Who is she that cometh with the wind about her
blown,
Restless raiment gleaming full of colours of the
sea,

Green as under-curve of wave, white as waters
overthrown?
Wandering winds and waters tell me, who is she?

Who is she that cometh with the dawn upon her
brow,
Dawn of April moving with white footsteps o'er
the sea
To light the land with glory of green branch and
leafy bough?
Wandering winds and waters tell me, who is she?

Who is she that cometh all among the bannered
throng,—
Triumph of bright banners o'er the sand dunes
by the sea—
Who is she that wakens my wild harp to won-
dering song?
Wandering winds and waters tell me, who is she?

O my heart! she cometh,—she whom thou hast
seen in dream
In lonely moonlight wandering by shimmering
grey sea,
Yet not for thee her coming, nor for thee the
April gleam:
Only winter winds and waters, heart, for thee!

## III.

At last, O night, I come to thee
Who friend hast ever been to me:
The weary day of feasting done,
All empty now the bridal board,
And quenched each taper's yellow light,
And sleeping every dame and lord,
At last, my freedom won,
I come to thee, O night.

All day I sang for Queen and King,
And made the striding rafters ring
From morning gleam to candle shine:
While naught I saw the whole day long

Save two bright eyes that on me burned,
And all about me through my song,
To gloom more dark than thine
The light of noonday turned.

Never, O night, to thee I came
To quench in thy cool breast a flame
More keen, more fierce, more hunger-bright
Than this which dawn has lit in me,—
The dawn that broke so wild and fair
With April glories o'er the sea.
Quench thou the fire, O night,
Beneath thy dewy hair.

## IV.

If I could sing my songs to her
Alone in some green place,
Would any wind of passion stir
The flame of her white face,

Till under shadow tangling hair
She'd bend above the pool
To hide a woman's wild despair
In darkling waters cool?

Or gazing with love-blinded eyes
Down dim unlitten shades
Would she, a Queen of Sorrow rise
To pass through homeward glades,

And leave me without look or word
All desolate alone
To mourn unheeded and unheard,
Beside her empty throne?

## V.

Deep in the heart of the greenwood I have
builded a throne for my Love
'Mid palace of pillared trees branching, inwoven
so thickly above,
That pale as the glimmer of stars noon hangs in
the canopy dim,
And the dark, green hollows beneath it with
silence eternal o'erbrim.

Deep in the dusk of the woodland I have builded
a throne for my Queen
Of the oak and the fir and the cedar, close down
by the clear shadowed green

Of the Pool of the Vision of Healing, whose
waters, that silently well
From earth's heart, in the heart of the gazer
all sorrowful passion may quell.

Deep in the dark of the forest I have builded a
throne for my Dream:
And there in the noon of the night-tide, where
light of the moon may not gleam
In shimmering raiment before me, throned,
white, with a star on her brows
She sits, and I harp to the Vision in silence and
night of green boughs.

## VI.

O DAY that ever ends
The merciful swift night,
Filling the forest gloom
With quivering gray light,
Stay yet awhile, O stay, nor put my dream to
flight.

Close, close thy waking eyes
And turn again to sleep;
Let night, the lord of stars,
For once thy pathway keep,
Till he in weariness shall to thy shelter creep.

For night is starred with love,
And with clear visions bright;
But thou, on gleaming wing,
Bear'st darkness, bringing light.
O merciless cold dawn, I hear thy rustling flight!

## VII.

SHALL I gaze for awhile in the pool
Of the waters of rest,
Till the fulness thereof and the cool
Have entered my breast;

Till the flame of my love and the fire
That burns in my heart
Be quenchèd, and dream and desire
Be shivered apart;

That my days may be filled as a cup
With fresh flowing peace
From the heart of the earth welling up,
Till the life-light shall cease?

Nay, not for the peace of the earth
That has been from the first,
Would I yield the keen passion of dearth,
The rapture of thirst.

## VIII.

I SANG of lovers, and she praised my song,
The while the King looked on her with cold eyes,
And 'twixt them on the throne sat mailèd wrong.

I sang of Launcelot and Guenevere,
While in her face I saw old sorrows rise,
And throned between them cowered naked Fear.

I sang of Tristram and La Belle Isoud,
And how they fled the anger of King Mark
To live and love, deep sheltered in a wood.

Then bending low, she spake, sad voiced and sweet,
The while gray terror crouched between them stark,
"Sing now of Aucassin and Nicolete."

## IX.

At morning with a little song
She greets the day;
Yet ere the noon has waxèd strong
Her joy's away.

At morn she gathers blooms to grace
The early hours;
Ere noon the sorrow of her face
Withers the flowers.

At morn I see her bravely stand
With lifted head;
None sadder is in all the land
Ere noon be dead.

## X.

EACH day with slower step she goes;
Each day yet whiter burns the rose
Of her white face and fairer shows;

Each day more frail her body seems,
As some pale vision seen in dreams
Of midnight, when the wan moon gleams;

Each day more wildly flame her eyes
Beneath her hair, as evening skies
That lighten as the sad day dies;

Each day I harp before her throne
Of deathless love,—with sigh nor moan
She sits, a figure carved in stone;

Each day I long to bid her shake
The gloom from her young brows, and wake
The love that slumbers for her sake.

## XI.

I CAME upon her lonely in a tower
About the sunset hour,
Where, gazing oversea, to other lands
She stretched white yearning hands,
The while her breast heaved as a wind-blown
flower.

Dark fell the cloudy tumult of her hair
About her shoulders fair,
As leaning out into the cool she sang
With mournful voice, and rang
Across gray seas the echo of despair.

"O day that slowly withers o'er the sea
I too must die like thee:
Like thee I perish, cold and wan and white,
Within the arms of night,
For ever buried in the dark to be.

"Yet such a dawn of flashing joy was mine,
O fading day, as thine,
While young in morning meadow-lands I strayed,
A dewy-hearted maid,
To see the light on opening petals shine.

"But winter came upon me ere the noon;
December frost too soon
Scattered the flowers and struck my heart with
cold
Until I wandered old
And pale and worn and lonely as the moon.

"Old, yea so old in sorrow and in tears,
Though young in course of years,
Like thee I stand within the shade of death
Drooping, with failing breath,
Among dark whispering shadows of grey fears.

"O death, come thou at fading of the light
To fill my heart with night.
O let me feel thy fingers even now
Laid cold upon my brow.
Dark lies the sea beneath thy plumèd flight."

## XII.

At dawn they found her dead,
So cold, so white:
About her wild and red
The morning light:
The dark hair round her head
Heavy with dews of night.

With wondering hands they laid
Her body fair
On her lone bed arrayed
In robes of vair;
While maidens stooped to braid
Once more her cloudy hair.

A black-sailed ship at gloam
Her sorrow bore

Beyond the moaning foam
Of this dark shore,
To lie once more at home
At rest for evermore.

*The dark trees shivered o'er the pool of rest*
*With shuddering murmurs long:*
*While turning towards the waters of the west*
*He sang this last wild song:*

Wind shaken are the boughs of sleep
And fallen are the fruits of dream:
No more in vision lands I reap
Vague harvest by the murmuring stream.
In alien lands and lone,
O'er perilous rock and scar,
By ways of man unknown
I follow the unknown star.

# FARING SOUTH

---

TO T. M. AND L. R.

## The Goatherd

Down all the winding street, from yellow reeds,
With clear, cool treble of hill-waters shrill,
His piping eddies, while his herd at will
Crop as they go the cobbles' scanty weeds.

The dark and narrow ways of builded stone
Shut heavily on them, they know not why;
But he remembers peaks against the sky,
League-blowing airs and northern ranges lone.

## The Washer

WHITE-CAPPED, red-armed, low-bending o'er the
stream,
She scrubs and beats and wrings the linen white;
The while, unseen of her,
The dipping swallows stir
The still, dark deeps to surface rings of light,
Slow-spreading ripples circling gleam in gleam.

So, too, low-crouched above the stream of life
Men toil till dark to keep their spirits white,
With fretful labour keen,
The while of them unseen,
The flash of wings and ever-circling light
Stir the calm deeps beyond their fevered strife.

## The Harvester

Erect, with copper-glowing throat and face,
Once more, the home-returning reaper strides,
The while, on wings of morning keeping pace
Along the road with him Life laughing rides.

From some far field of harvest making home,
His rush-wrapt sickle o'er his shoulder slung,
He breathes the deep, keen joy of all who roam
With summer heart a world forever young.

## The Stone Breaker

Beside the road above his toil he bends,
Nor lifts his head for passing word or smile;
Between slow-dwindling and slow-growing pile
The brown arms swing, the cleaving blow descends.

The sure-swung hammer strikes with iron clink
Sharp on the ringing flint: in gleaming flakes
The long dark-moulded toil of ages breaks,
And from its heart long-buried sparkles wink.

# The Shepherd

WITH folded arms, against his staff he stands,
Sun-soaking, rapt, within the August blaze
The while his sheep with moving rustle graze
The lean, parched undergrowth of stubble lands.

Indifferent 'neath the low blue-laden sky
He gazes fearless in the eyes of noon;
And earth, because he craves of her no boon,
Yields him deep-breasted, sun-steeped destiny.

## The Players

THREE urchins tossing coppers by the way,
Squatting brown-limbed and ankle-deep in dust;
Lightly with careless shining brows they play
Unclouded by distrust.

Not dreading overmuch the luckless loss,
Nor oversoon their gainings counting o'er,
With laughing eyes they watch each spinning
toss,
Then fling for luck once more.

## The Ploughman

His white share spills in dust the hot grey soil,
A hanging smoke about him as he goes:
Yet, stumbling, almost blind and parched he
knows
Calm ends th' unending furrows of his toil:

A moment's pause beside the lilied pool;
A fringe at shade at turning of the plough
While he shall drain beneath the forest bough
With gurgling throat rich cider's amber cool.

## The Thresher

In the golden dusk of the barn, out of the glare
of the plain,
The soft low thud of the flail, as it falls in the
deep strewn gold:
Then leaping a-swing on the thong, swift-
circling, it falls again,
And falls till the last least ear is beaten and
empty of grain.

After the harvest of Time, when sowing and
gathering tale
In the dim vast garners of Death in soft low
thudding is told,
When we lie in the end beneath the severing
stroke of the flail
Will the grain that our dead days yield for
Time's next sowing avail?

## The Wife

WITH laden basket homeward she returns,
Weary from market, with set, patient pace:
In the low sunlight glowing her calm face
Beneath her snow-white cap red-golden burns.

The yellow mud-walls under the brown thatch
At last she sees with kindling eyes a-shine:
With vague brief fears beneath the well-known
vine
The day-long exile pauses, hand on latch.

## The Watcher

HER lithe young body flower-like on the ridge
She stands, with brown hand shading red-gold
eyes—
Agleam like pools that mirror western skies—
And gazes towards the town beyond the bridge.

For whom she watches know I not, nor where
All day he wearied for the dewy gloam
When his bright watchful star should draw him
home
With lighted eyes and sun-entangling hair.

# The Mower

BENEATH the droop of willows tall and lithe
The mower moves with circle-sweeping scythe
'Mid hollow-snapping rushes, severed clean,
Which fall in outward raying spears of green.

His swaying body and the flashing blade
Swing on in rhythmic ease from shade to shade
Unstayed, unswerving, slaying without strife—
One chant of dauntless Life and Death in Life.

# The Fisher

BENEATH dark-plumèd reeds, a silent grey
And solitary form above the dim
Green-dusking waters where the bright perch swim
Far down through soundless groves of weed asway:

With eyes forever on the glooming deep
Unrippling pools of silence yet he stands,
While slowly through the valley meadowlands
Spreads the owl-haunted glimmering haze of sleep.

*La Beause.* August, 1901.

## Song

As one who plucks a blossom in the dark,
And knowing not the wonder of its hue,
Drinks in the ecstacy of scent and dew;
So I, in ancient dreams, was glad of you.

But now the rising sun has lit the flame,
The blue and gold and scarlet of your pride;
While all men seek your garden, far and wide,
I, hungering, in the wilderness abide.

Yet, when the colour of your life shall fade,
And all the petals of your splendour fall,
When time has shaken down the golden wall,
May I not find you lonely after all?

## Vashti

O PALE moon fading in the blue:
O white dawn-wasted flower:
Sole lingering blossom of enwreathèd night
Spent, spent is all thy light,
And all thy power,
The flowing ecstacy of light that drew
The vast adoring sea
In one white quivering flame of wonder unto
thee.

O, if swift sorrow made thee pale,
When, from thy rapt embrace,

The awakening waters to the young dawn
turned;
And all the bright waves burned
For her fresh grace,
Shedding light clouds about her as a veil,
If this thy heart hath torn,
Lean thou from thy far woe unto my grief
forlorn.

For I, as thou, O sister moon,
Have reigned, a happy queen;
A queen through starry rapturous night have
reigned:
As thine my light hath waned,
While yet serene
I dreamed love's glittering night was at the
noon,

Love, changing, fell from me,
As from thy passionate flame the unremembering
sea.

But one brief hour from my lord's sway
My beauty was withdrawn,
As thou, fair moon, thy snowy light dost shroud
In some wind-sailing cloud,
That hour the dawn,
Breaking in beauty blossomed into day;
And all my splendour paled
Before the glowing youth of her bright form
unveiled.

O Love, O Love, that couldst not hold
Unfaltering, through the years
Of my frail earthly life for me his heart!
O Time, when thou didst part

Us without tears
So coldly, why didst thou not leave me cold?
Still, still in me at flood
The tide that ebbed in him sweeps surging
through my blood.

And thou, O Queen upon my throne
In bridal robes attired,—
Bright flame of gold where my pale rapture
gleamed,—
Hast thou all thy heart dreamed,
Thy soul desired?
Dost thou remember one who treads alone
The wilderness of fear,
A wandering outcast Queen by salt sea waters
drear?

Yet, yet, O waning, waning moon,
Though, in the sun's bright blaze

The ocean lies forgetful of thy light,
Mysteriously thy might
His motion sways,
May not Ahazuerus in the noon
Feel the deep moving power
Of love that could not die in one disastrous
hour?

## The Weaver

On a pinnacle of air,
Lit by moons invisible,
In a perilous hour I stand
Gathering, gathering!

Sunken is the desolate earth
Into still oblivion,
Whence it sprang to birth;
Fallen are the sea and land;
All that wars in joy or care;
All that battles in the sun.

Like the throbbing of a bell
Down a haunted valley,
Woven of the mist of dream,

Shakes the voice unknown;
Faltering, where the pale moongleam
Stirs the purple of the night,
Laying fingers white
On the veil unpierceable.
Like a terror blown
Down a valley lone,
Where the lowering scars
Hide the flickering stars,
Shakes the voice above me:
Unseen powers move me;
Set my soul's white wandering hands
Gathering, gathering,
Gathering imperishable
Colours of the sunless lands;
Set my white hands weaving
Songs of unknown stars with the deep sea's
grieving.

# The Weary Singers

## (To S. C. C.)

Not under ever-shifting sails away
Across green-crested waves of wide blue sea,
Beyond the helmèd crags that cleave the bay
And spill the lightest dreaming wave in spray
Above the purple glooms of sunken scars:
Nay, not to-day to be
Poised on the shivering edge of living green
One moment hung, then swerving, deep between
Clear, wavering waters, tremulous with light
Which only veils the vast unfathomed night,
Untroubled of the dim phantasmal day
Or any dream of stars.

Nor on a deep, strong swirling northern stream,
For ever pouring loud and clear and swift
Above bright golden pebbles, all agleam
With netted light, where silver salmon dream,
With quivering fins, of far, tumultuous seas:
Nay, not to-day to drift
Down some blue river 'mid the wild fells born
Unto the pipe of curlews in the morn
Clear-voiced and singing, fed by singing rills
That shrill and gurgle down the craggy hills
Until one choral chant the waters seem
To move beneath the breeze.

There is no peace in all the wandering sea,
And keen the northern air with stinging life;
While we would rest; at least awhile, to be
Forgetful of the world from which we flee,
Wherein forever surges, without end,

The blind, unceasing strife.
Yea, we are weary of the whirl and din
Of storm-set days and fevered nights, that spin
Fresh sorrows ever for the morrow's dawn;
Weary of tossing heights and gulfs that yawn,
While o'er us, ever curving perilously,
White-foamed disasters bend.

But on still southern waters dreaming deep
With dark, green shadow, never stirred to song
Nor eddying light; where little winds that creep
Through rustling reeds only of deeper sleep
Murmur above the slumber-laden cool,
Throughout the whole day long:
Here, in a scarcely moving, oarless boat,
Awhile we rest, beneath the noon afloat,
As, on the darker waters tranquilly
Under the shadow of eternity,

Fain would we lie, nor ever wake to weep
Above the starless pool.

For we are weary, weary, and would rest:
Yea, hush our harps forever and leave dumb
The singing lyre; till, flows within the breast
Oblivion of the war, that, east and west
And north and south, forever wages fierce:
The strife from whence we come,
Weary of battle and disaster, fain
For peace, to dwell with ancient peace again
Above the dim, cool shadowed pools of peace;
Forgetting woes that cry and will not cease:
And end in silence all our singing quest
Here, where no wail can pierce.

Here would we lie forever without song,
We who have sung till song is weariness,
We who have sung to win release, so long

For hearts crushed songless and lips dumb with
    wrong,
Mouths that have bitten sorrow to the core,
And eyes of keen distress.
Till now our songs' flight falters and their wings
Are weary, for none heeds the heart that sings.
Far louder than our chant wrong's clamour rang.
All shall forget us: those for whom we sang,
Would even they remember in the throng,
Though we should sing no more?

We who of old, within a fair green earth
Sang unto men beneath the singing stars,
When all the wind-blown ways were full of
    mirth
And youth and joy an ever teeming birth,
While men, too glad to hope, ne'er recked of
    woe,

Nor desolating wars.
Even when the first bright waves of battle broke
In white of tumult, yet our harps awoke
To chant adventurous deeds of restless life;
Nor dreamed that unto universal strife,
That feeds on famished hearts and human dearth,
The heat of youth would glow.

Nor dreamed that as the earth grew grey with
age,
Man's innocent cunning should sink into guile,
And learn to mask the hot, wild face of rage,
With seeming calm; more deadly war to wage,
In stealthy undercurrents dealing death,
Peace glowing all the while
Upon th' unruffled surface of the tide:
Until, at last, upheaving far and wide,
The sea of life in one fierce tempest vast

Should break, and man with man until the last
Should struggle, yea, and son with son engage
In strife for life and breath.

So thick the soaring reeds, we may not see
The sea-green willows ranged along the shore,
Nor any hill beyond the vale, and we,
Escaped awhile from earth's immensity,
Dream as old gods within a little world
Of peace,—where evermore
Fain would we lie, forgetting all that grieves,
Among the swaying calm of lily-leaves,—
That thrust from glooming depths green spears
in June,—
But now, through all the peace of summer's noon,
Spread like broad shields, when warriors endlessly
Slumber with banners furled.

May we not too forget who sang in vain?
May we not too forget, as they forgot
The singer and the clear, sky-soaring strain?
The labour and the toil and all the pain,
The darkened noon, the lightning cloven night
Of song remembered not?
Forget awhile the keen, consuming fire
That burned our souls to one white-flamed desire
Among the fierce red passions of the earth?
Forget awhile the hunger and the dearth?
The gaunt and ghostly ever-wailing train
Of sorrows wan and white?

At last, o'er silent waters deep, unstirred
By any singing voice or shrilling pipe,
Or any wakeful noise of beast or bird,
May we not too forget? the while unheard
Of us, beyond the hills, strife rolls afar:

Till sorrow's hour be ripe,
When men, remembering, shall pause and cry:
"Why have the singers left us here to die
Who sang so merrily through all the morn?
Why have they left us, songless and forlorn,
To perish darkling, with no flaming word
Nor song for pilot star?"

## Blind

BLOW, blow, O wind the clouds aside
That I may see the stars!
In heaven flashes far and wide
The ruddy shield of Mars:
While Jupiter and Venus ride
The night in glittering cars.

Blow, blow, O wind the clouds aside,
That I may see the stars!
Nay, God has flung His darkness wide
And set the unyielding bars
While day and night unheeded ride
The world in glittering cars.

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